

Rev. JOHN DODWELL, Manager.

With Strong Staff of Editors and Correspondents.

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THE CITIZEN.

An Independent Weekly
Devoted to the
Interests of
THE HOME, FARM, & SCHOOL.
50 CENTS A YEAR

VOL. 11.

A Family Paper

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1901.

Fifty cents a year.

NO. 18

IDEAS.

The devil can catch a loafer with a naked hook.

It is easier to sell a dog than to give him away.

Corkscrews have drowned more men than cork jackets will ever save.

"To teach a child to read and not what to read is to put a dangerous weapon into his hand."

—C. D. Warner.

Harsh criticism never killed a good work, but it sometimes kills the worker.

Take Notice.

Dr. Burgess will preach at First Church of Berea, Sunday morning, on "The Great Personal Question," "What think ye of Christ?" No services at night.

The Annual Collection for the American Missionary Association will be taken at First Church Sunday a.m. Donations ought to be liberal for Berea is indebted to the A. M. A. for help in her day of need.

On Sunday night at the Baptist Church, will be held the annual meeting of the American Bible Society. Dr. Burgess will preach on the topic "By paths of the Bible or the Gospel in the Book of Jonah." The meeting is interdenominational. All are cordially invited.

Mr. S. D. Gordon, who made so deep an impression at the Y. M. C. A. Convention at Louisville, will be in Berea March 27 and 28. On each of these days there will be a noon prayer-meeting at the College Chapel. On the night of the 27th he will address a general meeting of the young people connected with both the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., together with their friends and citizens of the town. On the 28th he will speak in the College Chapel to an audience of men only.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

U. S. Secret Service officials have official information of a proposed revolutionary movement in Cuba.

Last Thursday, Dietrich Welland threw a piece of iron at the German Emperor, striking him on the cheek, and cutting a wound an inch and a half long. The Kaiser was in his carriage on the way to the railway station in Bremen.

Great Britain has decided to take steps to force Russia to give up Manchuria. It is reported that the influence of the United States has been asked in favor of Great Britain.

England is sending a reinforcement of 12,000 troops to Africa this week.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Pres. McKinley refused to sign the bill appropriating \$200,000 to pay for horses taken from Confederate soldiers after the surrender at Appomattox.

Ex-Senator Lindsay has been appointed a member of the St. Louis Exposition Commission.

So far as is known the United States is the first of the powers to erect a regular Chinese Court of Justice in the Chinese capital.

The grand jury of Anderson Co., S. C., has made a report that practical Negro slavery exists in that county in the convict stockade camps.

Ex-Pres. Harrison is very ill at his home in Indianapolis, Ind.

Official investigation has discovered bubonic plague to an alarming degree.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Several Kentuckians are said to have called on Pres. McKinley, to urge the appointment of Ex-Gov. Bradley, as Judge of the Eastern Judicial District.

The Court of Appeals, three judges dissenting, have handed down an opinion which lawyers at Frankfort believe foreshadows a reversal in the case of Jim Howard, convicted of the murder of Wm. Goebel.

In the City Co. Circuit Court, Ulysses Lewis was given a life sentence for the murder of David Davidson.

Seabee, Webster county, was almost swept away by fire Saturday. Loss \$65,000.

A cyclone passed through a part of Western Kentucky, Saturday night. At Clinton, seven houses were demolished and several persons hurt; at Hickman, a church and a drug store were blown down; at Maxsonville, three churches, and many houses, barns and stables were destroyed. On Sunday, at Loudon, the Sue Bennett College was damaged \$1,000, and a residence wrecked by a storm.

Joe Noel, the murderer of lock tender Spence, of High Bridge, is to be tried in the Federal Court. Spence was a government employee and killed while on duty.

A corps of civil engineers from Birmingham, Ala., are making a second survey for a railroad from Lexington to Brush Creek, Jackson county.

Elder John S. Sweeney took charge of the Fair Post Office, last Friday.

Locals and Personals.

Rev. C. H. Palmer, of Junction City, is with friends this week.

Miss Ella Gay has returned from a visit to friends in Ohio.

W. G. Best spent vacation with the Misses Christman at Combs, Ky.

Mrs. S. C. Mason is so far improved as to be able to leave the Hospital.

Albert, Lucian, and Helen Lewis left on Monday, for Tetersburg, Ill.

The Osborne House Party entertained friends at a six o'clock dinner Thursday.

Mrs. Green Hoskins, who has been dangerously ill of pneumonia, is convalescing.

Misses Nina King and Emma Spence spent vacation with friends in Mt. Vernon.

Mrs. R. H. Royston gave a party Monday evening at her residence on Center Street.

Mrs. Derthick, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting her sons Rev. H. J. and Paul Derthick.

Dave Powell has sold his interest in the Livery business of Harrison & Co. to A. B. Reynolds.

Walt Hill returned from Cleveland, O., Monday on account of the illness of his father.

Rev. W. D. Smith returned Monday from a two weeks trip through Estill and Jackson counties.

The Misses Richardson entertained at tea Friday evening in honor of Ernest Wells' birthday.

Prof. J. W. Dismore returned from Chicago, Friday. He has been in Frankfort this week.

Speed Clark left for Hamilton, O., Thursday, and Ralph Correll left for Pleasant Plains, Ill., Monday.

The Misses Bullis entertained friends Saturday evening, at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. Dodge.

The Spring Term of the public schools is in session, Miss Nancy Fodor, of Richmond, is in charge.

Miss Flora Edwards, after a short visit to Mrs. E. P. Fairchild, left for her home at Milford, O., Monday.

Mrs. W. G. Frost who has been confined to the house through la grippe for a few days is out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Burdette entertained a party of Phi Delta boys and their lady friends Friday evening.

Hugh Logan, who is very low with consumption, was baptized at his home, Sunday, by Rev. H. J. Derthick.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duncan, of Lancaster, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Crawford, Mrs. Duncan's parents.

The members of the Congregational Church of Berea enjoyed a social last Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Fairchild.

Mrs. Wm. McGuire, nee Helen Mahaffey, and brother-in-law, Chas. McGuire, of Traveler's Rest, Ky., are visiting Martin Mahaffey, who is quite ill.

Mrs. J. Hammond Tice, nee Mertie Wilkie, a former student at Berea, arrived Friday. Mrs. Tice will superintend the Kindergarten this Spring Term.

Prof. Jones, Mr. Ned Fairchild and Miss Van Horne, who accompanied Dr. Geo. T. Fairchild to Columbus, O., Sunday, returned Monday, and report that the Doctor bore the trip very well.

Misses Grace and Tacy Stokes, Miller and Herman gave a very charming and unique party to their friends at the "Model Cottage" Monday evening. Each guest represented some musical person of note.

Persons who have children from 4 to 6 years of age, whom they would like to send to the Free Kindergarten for the Spring Term, should call on Mrs. J. H. Tice, at the Hobbs House, Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

J. D. Clarkston, a former student at Berea, now a prosperous merchant of Sidell, returning from Louisville where he had been to purchase goods, called on us last Thursday and left his subscription to the Citizen.

D. L. Pierson and wife, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who are making a tour of Southern schools, spent two days in Berea last week. Mr. Pierson is Managing Editor of the Missionary Review of the World, of which his father, Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., is Editor.

Mrs. L. V. Dodge has in circulation a petition from the Sabbath Observance Department of the W. C. T. U., for signatures, asking that the Pan-American Exposition, to be held at Buffalo, N. Y., be forbidden to open its gates on Sundays.

Dr. Geo. T. Fairchild, who has been sick so long, has gone to Columbus, O., for special treatment. He was accompanied by his son Mr. Ned Fairchild, Prof. Jones, and Miss Van Horne, Director of the Hospital. Mr. Ned Fairchild will return to stay with his mother during the absence of the Doctor.

Madison County.

Prof. J. W. McGarvey, Jr., of Lexington, will succeed Miss Lloyd (re-signed) as principal of Madison Institute.

Rosa White, one of the oldest and best known colored women of Richmond, died Sunday. She was industrious and respected.

The John Agee land, 64 acres on Silver Creek, sold last week for \$440. 63, and the Gentry Green farm on Muddy Creek, of 44½ acres, sold at the same time for \$800.

Postmaster Wallace, of Richmond, whose term of office expires in two years, is working for a second four years term: T. C. Adams of the Pantagraph will be in the race.

Fred Griffin, of Somerset, was taken into custody at White's Station, last Friday, because of insanity. His father came for him on Saturday and took him home.

The committee to re-district Madison county were sworn in by Judge Million, Tuesday, and will take immediate action in the matter.

Richmond is to have a fair but the dates have not as yet been selected.

"The Pantagraph is informed of another progressive step soon to be taken in the interest of our enterprising neighbor, Berea. Citizens of that place have petitioned the L. & N. to put on a morning and evening train and the request has been granted.

According to late report the regular train from Cincinnati, reaching Richmond at 7:20 p. m., will go on to Berea and remain over night. The plan is to leave early enough in the morning to connect here with the 6:20 bound for Cincinnati. Already work has commenced on the turning table and this part, we are informed, is being pushed by citizens of Berea. We congratulate our neighbor. This service will prove convenient for residents of that place and ought to pay the L. & N. handsomely."—The Pantagraph.

Wanted Men and Teams to Work on the New Park.

At last the Berea students are to have an Athletic Park worthy the name. It is to be for their perpetual use.

The College has turned over to the students the field and wood lot just north of the tabernacle. This is the best possible location in that it is the nearest one to Howard Hall. It is just a step down hill to the field. It is proposed to clear off enough timber to give space not only for a diamond and a gridiron but also for a quarter mile bicycle track.

The clearing is well under way now. A great deal of money can, and in time will be, spent on this park. It costs money or labor, which is the same thing, to grub out by the roots the great oaks, to ditch and grade so large a field. The drains will be put in at such intervals that this low-lying land will be as dry as a pike—the blue grass and the grand stand will come bye and bye but the diamond will be ready when the season opens for spring practice. There is a great deal of grading to be done. A large number of teams can be used to the best advantage during this fine weather. Already over \$100 cash is in sight, but this must go for the purchase of tile. All citizens and friends of the students who can not give money are requested to give labor and use of teams. This is a public improvement. The prospects for a good ball team are very bright. Every one who donates money or labor or team-work will enjoy the sport this spring as never before. Great enthusiasm prevails. The ladies have subscribed most generously. Those who will help should see Prof. Jones or Captains Murphy, Humphrey or Tosh.

Death of an Alumnus.

News has just come of the death of one of the Alumni of Berea College. Miss Florida V. Flagg graduated from the Scientific department of the college, in the class of 1882. Since that time she has largely been engaged in teaching. The "ancient" will remember her with pleasure and will be grieved to hear of her death, which took place at Friar's Point, Miss., during the last week in February.

Farm for SALE.—Four miles south of Berea, 25½ acres of good farm land, 12½ acres of it in cultivation. It has house, stables, crib, and good well near the house, also an orchard of 25 fruit trees. For particulars address Harvey Knuckles, Conway, Ky.

Lawlessness.

Judge Brewer makes the following comments in an address in the middle of February at Yale College, upon the revolutionary measures of Mrs. Nation:

"Mrs. Carrie Nation hopes to be the successor of John Brown. Spasmodic virtue is the poorest that any one can have. It is next door to intentional vice. It may be that for a time the violation of the prohibition law will be stopped, but ultimately we fear that the officers who have been delinquent will become indifferent again and that the community will also become lax in sentiment. Ten years from now we fear that conditions will become worse than they have been."

Would it not be well if this chief guardian of American law would speak out against the atrocious lawlessness which this brave woman is seeking to combat? A truer expression against lawlessness is found in the ringing words of Dr. C. A. Vincent (see Providence in America, page 141). "Democracy's King is law—the will of the people. It may endure all other evils and still live, so long as its King is supported. It is already dead when its King has no authority. Drunkenness and immorality and other evils are destructive enemies of a nation, but lawlessness is a nation's Satan. Lawlessness in its last analysis is treason. At one time it fires upon Fort Sumter, at another it defies the laws of the land. Each saloon-keeper or other evil-disposed person who persistently disobeys good laws, is a traitor. Such a rebellion must be put down, or destruction awaits the nation.... Anything is better than indifference."—Ohio Endeavor.

Phi Delta Supper.

The victory of Phi Delta literary society over Alpha Zeta in the public debate on Washington's birthday, was celebrated by the former on the evening of March 1. Phi Delta Hall was tastefully decorated, the society members were out in force, a number of former members and other friends were present, and an abundant supper was prepared. The tables were arranged in the form of an oriental triclinium.

The material festivities over, the President, J. C. Chapin, gracefully introduced the several speakers of the evening. The recent discussion gave a tinge to some of the addresses; but there was an apparent friendliness and cordiality towards the friends in the other society. Messrs. A. W. Titus, E. S. Fee, C. F. Hanson, R. B. Doe, M. L. Spink, and E. W. Todd represented the former members. Messrs. Chapin, J. M. Racer, E. R. Embree, and Battle spoke for the present members. Profs. Dodge, Marsh, and Jones responded as faculty guests. Dr. E. B. McCoy and Mr. F. A. Robinson spoke as citizens. The latter turned over to the President the promised souvenir medal, of coin silver, to be worn by himself and successors, in commemoration of the victory. Congratulatory letters from old members were omitted because of the lateness of the hour. There was a spontaneity of wit and sentiment, making the occasion one long to be remembered.

Executor's Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of Rev. J. G. Fee, deceased, are notified to make settlement, on or before March 30, 1901, with the undersigned, and all persons having claims against said estate, are required to present same for adjustment, on or before March 30, 1901, to

JOSIAH BURDETTE, Agt.

for E. S. Fee, Executor.

Extracts from Town Ordinances.

Stock Law.—ART. 7.
(Amendment to Section 7 approved Apr. 18, 1900.)
No keeper of any horse, hog or goat kind, shall suffer or permit the same to run at large on the public streets or alleys of Berea and any such owner or keeper of such beast who shall suffer or permit the same to run at large, as aforesaid shall be fined not less than two nor more than ten dollars for each offense.
Sec. 8. Each day that said animals are allowed to run at large, after the owner or keeper is notified, shall constitute a separate offense.
Sec. 9. It shall be the duty of the Marshal to report immediately to the Police Judge the owner or keeper if known, of any hog, horse or goat kind found running at large within the corporate limits of the town of Berea, and the Judge shall proceed against said owner or keeper according to the above law.
Approved Feb. 1898. Amended April 18, 1900.

CHANGE OF FIRM.

Having succeeded the old firm of COVINGTON & MITCHELL, we take pleasure in stating, that as of old, the new firm will exert all of its ability in trying to please the public, and will, at all times, have the LARGEST STOCK of all reasonable things, that will be shown in this city.

OUR AIM

Is to give good merchandise at a reasonable price, and we shall endeavor to have what everyone wants in the Clothing line. We will SAVE YOU MONEY in everything in the way of Suits, Overcoats, Extra Pants, Hats, Men's Furnishing Goods and Men's Shoes. With renewed vigor and past experience, we hope to serve you better than ever before. We have now many BARGAINS in present season goods that we wish to close out. For Spring we have made large preparation in every line. In Men's Tailoring we are prepared to make you anything you may want.

COVINGTON & BANKS,
Richmond, Ky.

MEAT MARKET

I have, Good Fresh Beef or Pork constantly on hand at popular prices.

Blacksmithing done at the same stand at lowest rates for good work.

P. A. REEDER, Dpt. St. Ju 601

E. B. McCOY, Dentist.
Berea, Kentucky.

Center Street Art Gallery.
C. I. OGD, Proprietor.

Up-to-date Photos. Nothing but the best finish at the lowest price.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation: \$300 salary per year, payable weekly: \$4 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 24 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Hand Forged, Razor Steel Blades.

Send us 24-cent stamps and we will mail you a knife the exact size of this picture. It has 2 blades, and retails generally at 75c., but to get you to try them we will send you one for 15c. or 24-cent stamps. You will want a full set.



Catalogue we will mail you free if you ask for it. Address, MAHER & GROSS, 109 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio, and mention the Citizen.

CLEANING UP SALE of Winter Goods

OUR CLEANING UP SALE will continue until March 10th. During this Sale all Ladies' and Children's Heavy Shoes, and all Men's and Boys' Heavy Shoes, Boots, Booties, High Cut Shoes, Felt Boots, and Rain Coats, all Winter Underwear for Men and Boys, all Winter Caps, Work Shirts, and Glove, every thing in Winter Goods will be sold at

Special Cut Prices.

We wish to close out all Winter Goods before receiving Spring Goods. Should you want anything to bridge over the storms of March with, it will be our pleasure to show you our goods and give you prices.

We will Save You Money
Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting your future trade.

WE ARE RESPECTFULLY,

Douglas Bros.
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T. A. ROBINSON,
Jeweler and Optician,
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Will scientifically examine your eyes, and then for a reasonable charge will fit you with spectacles that will enable you to see clearly. Robinson sells Fine Jewelry and New Novelties. Robinson sets your time correct. Take your crippled clock or watch to him.

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Perry F. Shrock, - Berea, Ky.
June 29, 1901

J. C. MORJAN,
Dental Surgeon
Office hours, 10 to 12 A. M.,
1103 P. M. National Bank Building
Richmond, Ky.

NEWS CONDENSED.

Interesting Intelligence Gathered by Wire From All Parts of Both Hemispheres.

MONDAY.

Three people were killed in a storm at Forrest City, Ark.

Capt. Richard B. Paddock, of the 6th cavalry, died at Tien-Tsin, China, from pneumonia.

Li Hung Chang is again seriously ill and his physician says his life hangs by a thread.

Official report shows a total of 22 deaths and 102 cases of bubonic plague at Cape Town.

The condition of Ex-President Harrison is serious. The upper part of his left lung is congested.

The treasury department is satisfied that bubonic plague exists to an alarming extent in San Francisco.

Col. Ledebur's column stormed a gate of the Grand Wall, 80 miles west of Pao-Ting-Fu, capturing four guns.

The squadron of the 5th cavalry, stationed at Fort Myer, Va., left for San Francisco en route to the Philippines.

Everything in the path of a tornado at Pine Prairie, Ark., was destroyed. At Conway 15 houses were unroofed and three others blown down.

A bloody rain fell at Palermo, the sky being a deep red. At Rome the sky was yellow. The phenomenon is attributed to dust from the African deserts.

Despatches from Lan-Chau assert that Tien Tung Fu Hsiang, with 20,000 men and Prince Tuan with 10,000 men are at Ning-Hsiu, prepared to resist arrest.

Eight persons were killed and several fatally injured during a tornado at Will's Point, Tex. A number of small houses were wrecked and five persons badly hurt at New Boston.

Gen. De Wet escaped northward by a forced march with 400 men. His objective point is Kromstadt, while in his own country it will be almost impossible to operate against him.

The worst storm of the season struck Chicago and during the two hours that it was at its height damaged property throughout the city to the extent of \$175,000. Much damage was done in Wisconsin.

TUESDAY.

Ex-President Cleveland narrowly escaped drowning at Buck Bay, Va., while duck hunting.

The state department denies that a secret alliance now exists between the United States and Great Britain in regard to Russia occupation of Manchuria.

James Perry Wood, of Athens, O., was nominated by President McKinley to be a member of the Spanish Claims Commission, and the senate promptly confirmed the nomination.

It is settled that President McKinley and his cabinet, except Secretary Griggs, will take a trip to San Francisco, Salem, Portland, Ore., and Seattle and other Puget Sound cities in May.

The Hoers lost nearly 40 killed in an engagement with an armored train near Boconogto. They mistook the train for one loaded with horses and allowed it to come within range, whereupon fire was opened from the train.

It appears, after all, that Gunner Charles Morgan is ineligible for promotion to the grade of ensign in the navy. The section of the appropriation bill providing for the promotion of warrant officers provides that such appointments shall date from July 30 and by that time next summer Gunner Morgan will have passed the specified age limit of 35 years.

WEDNESDAY.

Ex-President Harrison's condition is worse. He is threatened with pneumonia.

A squad of insurgents were captured in Cavite province 12 miles south of Manila.

A bill was introduced in the Minnesota legislature legalizing prize fighting in the state.

Willie Payne, Nathan Simpson and Stanley Jordan, colored murderers, were hanged at Opelousa, La.

Pennsylvania house adopted a resolution favoring the election of United States senators by the people.

By order of the president the export duty on Cuban tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, etc., will be abolished April 1.

In a fight between Negroes and cowboys near Dunnellon, Fla., three of the former and two of the latter were killed.

Senators Carter, Thurston, Lindsay and George W. McBride have been appointed on the St. Louis exposition commission.

Maurice Lyons, of Queensland, will present King Edward with what is believed to be the finest and largest opal in the world. It weighs 250 carats and is valued upwards of £50,000.

The United States has joined England in forcing Russia to abandon Manchuria, and war may result. They hope to get the support of the other powers. Germany's attitude is in doubt. France will likely take sides with Russia. The Chinese government has appealed to the powers.

THURSDAY.

Ex-President Harrison is seriously ill with the grip at his home in Indianapolis.

Ex-Congressman Chas. F. Sprague, of Massachusetts, a multi-millionaire, has been taken to an insane asylum.

Senator Wm. H. Frye, of Maine, was unanimously re-elected president pro tem of the United States senate.

Ambassador Charlemaigne Tower will be transferred from St. Petersburg to the United States embassy at Paris.

A company of the third Asiatic encountered 400 regular Chinese troops. The latter were scattered and 30 killed.

The grand jury of Anderson county, South Carolina, declares that a practical enslavement of Negroes has been conducted in that county.

The state department has sent a note to the Danish government to the effect that it will not permit any transfer of the Danish West Indies to any foreign power.

A warrant has been issued in favor of Adm. Dewey for \$9,570 on account of prize money due him for the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila harbor May 1, 1898.

The missile thrown at Emperor William while in a carriage in Bremen caused a wound on the Kaiser's cheek an inch and a half long. The emperor is confined to his room.

Among a pile of waste paper in a Kalamazoo, Mich., paper mill was found an autograph letter of George Washington, dated 1776. The waste paper came from Philadelphia.

The agricultural department, for some time, has been experimenting with wireless telegraphy. Some remarkable results have been obtained. It has evolved a system radically different from Marconi's.

FRIDAY.

Secretary Hay signed his own commission as secretary of state.

An advance of \$2 a ton in the price of steel will be made in a few days.

It is generally believed that the Cuban constitutional convention will reject the Platt amendment.

The death sentence of J. L. Dismore, for the murder of his wife and Fred Lane at Tleson, Neb., has been affirmed.

Will Davis, alias Williams, who was charged with outraging Mrs. Attaway, at Blanchard, La., was shot to death by a mob.

At Nashville, Tenn., Tex. Raseon, prominent in business circles, shot and killed his brother Lam, in a disagreement over business affairs.

Special Commissioner Rockhill has been instructed to purchase a suitable tract of land at Peking for the United States legation building.

Gen. Nathaniel Greene's remains, which have been found in the cemetery at Savannah, were placed in a hermetically sealed box to await final disposition.

The Duke of Manchester on his arrival at Liverpool was served with a writ in a suit for damages for breach of promise, brought by Miss Portia Knight, an English girl.

Lord Kitchener, Sir Alfred Milner and Commandant General Botha are negotiating for the surrender of the latter's force of Boers. Tien, De Wet and Breyer will probably have to be dealt with individually.

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE.

The Official Report Shows a Total of 22 Deaths and 102 Cases at Cape Town.

Cape Town, March 11.—The official report regarding the bubonic plague in Cape Town since the outbreak shows a total of 22 deaths and 102 cases.

The Malays gathered Sunday to oppose the removal of a Malay who had been attacked by the disease and of several persons who had come in contact with the victim. The police were overpowered and the persons who had come into contact with the Malay made their escape. In the event of a repetition of this experience it will be necessary to employ an armed force, so that trouble is anticipated.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, March 9.
CATTLE—Common ... 2 75 @ 3 65
Extra butchers ... 4 35 @ 4 75
CALVES—Extra ... 6 75 @ 6 75
HOGS—Select shippers ... 5 75 @ 5 80
Mixed packers ... 5 60 @ 5 70
SHEEP—Extra ... 4 10 @ 4 25
LAMB—Extra ... 5 50 @ 5 50
FLOUR—Spring pat. ... 3 80 @ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red ... 66 75 @ 66 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed ... 41 1/2 @ 41 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed ... 37 1/2 @ 37 1/2
RYE—Choice Timothy ... 61 1/2 @ 61 1/2
PORK—Family ... 14 75 @ 14 75
LARD—Steam ... 7 1/2 @ 7 1/2
BUTTER—Ch. dairy ... 21 1/2 @ 21 1/2
APPLES—Ch. to fancy ... 3 50 @ 3 75
POTATOES—Per bu. ... 1 40 @ 1 55
TOBACCO—New ... 6 00 @ 9 55
Old ... 8 70 @ 12 00

Columbo.
FLOUR—Win. patent ... 3 60 @ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red ... 74 1/2 @ 76 1/2
No. 3 red ... 66 1/2 @ 71
CORN—No. 2 ... 39 1/2 @ 39 1/2
OATS—No. 2 ... 25 1/2 @ 25 1/2
RYE ... 51 1/2 @ 52 1/2
PORK—Mess ... 14 75 @ 14 80
LARD—Steam ... 7 52 1/2 @ 7 55

New York.
FLOUR—Win. patent ... 4 00 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red ... 80 1/2 @ 80 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed ... 48 1/2 @ 48 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed ... 31 1/2 @ 31 1/2
RYE ... 61 @ 61
PORK—Family ... 15 50 @ 15 50
LARD—Steam ... 7 90 @ 7 90

Baltimore.
WHEAT—No. 2 red ... 77 1/2 @ 77 1/2
Southern ... 72 @ 78 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed ... 44 1/2 @ 44 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed ... 30 @ 30
CATTLE—Butchers ... 4 75 @ 5 00
HOGS—Western ... 6 10 @ 6 15

Louisville.
FLOUR—Win. patent ... 4 25 @ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red ... 77 @ 77
CORN—Mixed (new) ... 43 1/2 @ 43 1/2
OATS—Mixed ... 28 1/2 @ 28 1/2
PORK—Mess ... 12 50 @ 12 50
LARD—Steam ... 7 37 1/2 @ 7 37 1/2

Indianapolis.
WHEAT—No. 2 red ... 75 1/2 @ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed ... 39 1/2 @ 39 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed ... 26 1/2 @ 26 1/2

BOARDED WITH IDOL.

Three Shipwrecked Sailors Lived High on the Offerings in an East Indian Belly.

Capt. Murray, a Port Royal bar pilot, who has followed the sea since boyhood and visited nearly every section of the habitable globe, is full of interesting reminiscences of happenings in distant lands in which he participated. The old pilot is fond of relating an incident which occurred near Calcutta, India. The vessel which he commanded, a fine clipper ship, was wrecked in a typhoon in the Bay of Bengal and all hands, save himself and two companions who succeeded in reaching shore in the ship's gig, were lost.

The three exhausted men immediately sought food and shelter, and while thus employed came upon an immense wooden image, which they correctly surmised to be an Indian idol. Night was upon them and the tired men lay down near by, and their attention was soon attracted by the appearance of a score of low-caste Hindus, each of whom carried in his hands a savory dish which he placed before the inanimate god. After each native had deposited his offering with profuse signs and words they departed, and when the hungry sailors were satisfied that it was strange visitors had retreated for the night they greatly devalued the long-lost repast intended for the idol. Murray and his companions remained in the neighborhood for several days, subsisting nightly on the offerings brought by the Hindus as a tribute to their god and remaining concealed in the daytime.

One night about ten days after their shipwreck two natives suddenly surprised the three men while they were in the very act of making their usual meal and a fight ensued. The natives proved no match for the resolute and well-armed Americans and soon beat an ignominious retreat, leaving the latter complete masters of the situation. The captain and his companions, fearing that the natives would soon return in force and massacre them, made their way to Calcutta where they secured passage in a homeward bound vessel.

Some 15 years subsequently Pilot Murray recognized in Capt. Cole, of the ship Kickum, which called here for a cargo, one of his old companions in the exciting encounter in far-off India. The recognition was mutual, and the two men were delighted to renew their acquaintance after half a generation. —Columbia (S. C.) State.

CHILDREN IN SPAIN.

They Are Set Out in the Street in Queer Looking Baskets to Take Care of Themselves.

In the Spanish city of Seville there are no kindergartens or other places where the busy mother can leave her little children to be cared for while she does the housework or helps her husband in his little shop. The baby is left to care for itself and does so very well—that is, the baby who has not learned to walk yet.

It is placed in a wicker-woven arrangement which looks like a basket turned upside down, and is just high



TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF.

enough so the baby's feet will touch the ground. He is then set out in the street to take care of himself. He cannot turn over, so he at least remains in an upright position. The basket is very light, so he often works his way up the street and far away from home. He will get into the middle of the street, so that the donkeys who take the places of horses and wagons, there must go around him. This they always do, and it looks queer to see a long line of donkeys going out of their way to go around a baby in the narrow streets of the old Spanish town.

He Had Just Stepped Out.

The boys who run elevators in hotels and great office buildings come into contact with all manner and conditions of men, and even if naturally dull they soon become bright. The better a judge of human nature, the better the employee is the rule. Here is an instance of fact that could hardly be surpassed. A lady came bustling along to an elevator just as it was going up, and said, with charming innocence: "I want to see a man whose name I do not know, and I do not know, either, what office he is employed in." A less experienced elevator boy might have laughed outright at this speech, but this one never cracked a smile. "I am well acquainted with the gentleman you refer to," was his instant reply, "and he has just gone out." The lady thanked him, and walked away seemingly very well satisfied with the information she had received.

Title as Public Messengers.

In London there is difficulty in getting enough boys to serve as messengers, so the experiment is being made of employing girls. Some of the messenger girls are demure damsels of 17 summers and are said to be quicker than the boys in delivering messages and answering calls. It will be interesting to watch the development of the experiment.



AN EVENING AT CURLAND'S.

It Came to an Abrupt and Sensational End—A Father Plots His Son.

Curland's hotel has had an extra cleaning and is brilliantly lighted, for it is Saturday evening and the men from the lumbering camps have received their month's wages. Curland himself is in high glee and is giving commands to his bartender.

"We will make a big pot this night. Is everything ready? Whew! won't the money flow? But you just keep an eye on that gang from Mayre's. They are a desperate set and it won't answer to let them get the start of us."

"Good evening, Tum. Brought your violin? You're the man."

The music soon draws a crowd, the majority of whom are rough-looking men. A few show that they have known "better days." Apparently the toughest of all are the ones known as "Mayre's men." Mayre, their boss, is one whom all fear. Tall, of commanding appearance, he is a born leader of men, and those from his camp have imbibed that wild, reckless spirit which dominates their master.

"Say," exclaims one, "Mayre, you're lucky, you're taking all of the money."

"No, no isn't. He is dishonest," comes from a man who belongs to another gang.

"He'd still, Harold said; what are you doing?"

"Brinks are bad. Bown go the cards. There is quarreling over cards and pool. What cares Curland? He is reaping a harvest."

A storm has arisen and it is nearly nine before the stage arrives from the nearest station.

"Passenger to-night," shouts the obliging stage driver, Curland, remarkable for his graciousness, welcoming the newcomers.

An old, feeble man is, with a staring, wandering look.

"Appears a little out," remarks the stage driver on entering. "Wonder what he is doing up here."

The old man sits by the stove and with a feeble, dependent gaze his eyes keep roaming about from one to another.

"Alister, have a drink." The offer though frequently given, is refused.

"Somehow this doesn't please Curland. He is not in the habit of having anyone about who does not drink. From the stage driver he has learned that the old man seems to have plenty of money and he is determined to have some of it. When drinks are again put up he insists that the stranger shall have a treat."

Slowly the old man walks toward the bar. "Men, will you have a story?" says he.

"Yes, yes; story," comes from the excited crowd.

"He is crazy?" "Crazy as a lion!" "Look at his eyes!" are the various remarks.

Without stretched hand the stranger leans forward and gazes at the crowd. Instantly they are silenced at the strange scene and the stranger tale.

"Years ago," says he, "I was a wealthy man of influence in a far-away state. A wife and son composed my family. We were proud of the boy, who was exceedingly bright and at the time of the opening of my story was preparing for college. That year I was elected mayor of the town, which had been called a 'temperance town,' but when the vote was taken as to whether we should have saloons or not I wanted to be popular, so broke the tie and the saloons were opened. Six months later a creek were poisoned for payment, forged by my son when gambling under the influence of liquor. Angry and excited, I drove him from our home. Wreathy with sorrow, the mother lived only a few years and died weeping for her boy. Since then I have traveled from state to state searching for my son."

With eager, excited tones the old man again breaks the silence. "Have you seen him? Do you know 'Casper Mayre'?"

"Father! father!"

The hushed group are startled. The old man is grasped by strong arms, for the son is found.

"Don't you know me, father? I am your son."

"No, no!" said the old man; "my boy is young. You are not my son."

"Boys, he is my father, but he is crazy, and I made him so. Who will keep me from the camp? No, Curland. No more liquor to-night. I have had all I ever intend to have."

With sobered speech the men follow the father and son as they pass out into the night. The sparkle of the wine in the glass, the clink of the

coin on the card table, has lost its fascination for the time. The by one they separate. Some to go home to loved ones still watching and praying for the prodigal son, others to wander up and down the quiet streets thinking as they have not for many a day of the old folks far away in some country home or perhaps even further away in the heavenly home.

The lights are out in the hotel. Curland's trace will decrease, for Casper Mayre's influence will be used in a better way.—Allice Irene Nichols, in Valon Signal.

FABRICATED WINES.

London Mail Heedless That Never Before Were They So Numerous or Villainous.

The London Mail says: To-day is the day of the wine fakir. Never before in the history of the trade have his devices been so numerous and his concoctions so villainous. Never before, too, have his profits been more satisfactory. So long as there is a demand for full-blooded burgundies and clarets, at, say, six shillings a dozen, that demand will be supplied.

There is a vast difference between fabricated and adulterated wine. The latter is generally pretty easy to deal with. Fabricated wine is far more difficult of detection.

Here we have a concoction of a more or less chemical nature, which is designed with the express idea of closely imitating the genuine wine, both in color, bouquet and taste. One favorite fabrication consists of 90 per cent. of water, 5 1/2 per cent. of alcohol and 1 1/2 per cent. of tannin. The two latter ingredients are obtained from the cheapest form of imported raisins.

Very frequently these raisins consist of squeezed grape husks which have already done genuine service in some French wine press. They cost next to nothing to import, are re-fermented here in England and their juice is eked out with the acid of tartaric acid and molasses. Consequently the maker is enabled to sell his concoction at the ridiculously low price of about one shilling two pence per gallon, and at the same time to make an excellent profit upon the transaction. Much of this beverage first sees the light in or near London.

The retailer sells it again at about two shillings sixpence per gallon, or, if bottled and beautifully sealed and corked, at the considerably enhanced price of, say, sixpence per pint bottle. "Our famous six shilling claret."

A particularly pungent revelation of the tactics of certain British light wines was afforded the food preservatives committee by Prof. W. H. Morfield. This scientist, who is consulting sanitary adviser to her majesty's office of works, stated that he commonly found antiseptic acid in these vitrages. Salicylic acid, added here, for the benefit of his unscrupulous hearers, was a slightly virulent, irritating substance which was much in demand among the afflicted people as a corn solvent.

A fabricated sherry which can be sold at a good profit for one shilling a bottle is prepared from elder- and more obnoxious things. Champagne, which is also better left untouched is prepared by the wily fabricator.

Whoso would be a man must steer clear of the dramshop. National Advocate.

Motto for a temperance society: "Glass upside down with care."—Chicago News.

The Swift Packing company has succeeded in driving slot machines from all places in the vicinity of their plant at St. Joseph, Mo.

Illinois has more distilleries than any other state in the union. It pays one fourth of the total internal revenue collected in the United States on the manufacture of liquors.

At its very best the army is not the kind of a training school a mother would choose for her boy; but with abolition of the army saloon many of its worst dangers are removed.—Valon Signal.

Drunkenness is said to be on the increase in the City of Mexico, where almost every grocery store nowadays has a bar as an annex, and where liquors are sold to minors without let or hindrance. Most of the intoxicants sold in the grocery store are adulterated with injurious ingredients.

Refugee at Rahway, N. J.

The city council in Rahway, N. J., recently increased the cost of a druggist's liquor license from \$25 to \$250, the same amount that saloons pay, on proof being furnished to them that the druggists were in many cases doing a regular retail liquor business. As a measure of reprisal, the druggists demanded the strict enforcement of the law prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sunday. The mayor espoused their cause and, as a result, Rahway—except for the drug stores—was made dry on Sundays.—Allice Irene Nichols.

Medicated Wine.

A prosecution has been instituted at Liverpool against British wines which contain too high a percentage of salicylic acid. It is stated that a firm which had a large stock of a "preserved" wine, on having it condemned in court, simply altered the labels and sold the lot as a patent medicated wine, being legally entitled to do so, as the drug was present to an extent well above the lowest limit allowed for the so-called medicated wines.

Liquors to Inland Possessions.

There were 36 times as much liquor exported to Porto Rico in 1899 as in 1898; 38 times as much to the Philippine islands, and 1,000 times as much as the average to the Philippines for the last ten years.—Union Signal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for March 17, 1901—Jesus and Pilate.

[Prepared by H. C. Lorington.]
THE LESSON TEXT.
(Luke 23:13-26.)

13. And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests and the rulers and the people,

14. Said unto them: Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people; and, behold, I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him:

15. No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him.

16. I will therefore chastise him, and release him.

17. (For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast.)

18. And they cried out all at once, saying: Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas;

19. (Who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison.)

20. Pilate, therefore, willing to release Jesus, spoke again to them.

21. But they cried, saying: Crucify him, crucify him.

22. And he said unto them the third time: Why will ye still say this? I have found no cause of death in him: I will, therefore, chastise him, and let him go.

23. And they were instant with loud voices, requiring that he might be crucified. And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23:14.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Scripture to be studied includes the story of Jesus' glorious end, in Matthew 27:1-10. It is said that when Jesus saw that Jesus was condemned to death as the result of his treachery he "repented himself." There is repentance and repentance. There is a repentance that is only the inevitable remorse that follows every unholy deed. In this sense there never was a sinner who did not repent, that is, felt remorse for the wrong he had done. True repentance, the repentance which John the Baptist and Jesus himself came preaching, was a very different affair. This was sorrow for sin, coupled with a determination to henceforth do right. To be sorry one has been wrong, and then continue in the wrong, this is a travesty on the noblest impulse ever felt in human heart. Jesus' repentance was remorse, and it led him to a coward's death—suicide. He went and hanged himself, and his body was given a pauper's burial, cast into the potter's field. And the place was known from that time forward as the place of blood, a fitting memorial of the life of dishonor he had lived, and the deed of monumental treachery he had committed. Even this Jesus had a glimmering of his true truth, and he added his testimony: "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood."

The parallel accounts of the lesson proper are found in the four Gospels, as follows:

Matthew 27:1-11.
Mark 15:1-20.
Luke 23:1-25.
John 18:28-19:16.

Jesus Before Pilate.—The Jewish council had declared Jesus guilty of blasphemy and had voted the sentence of death. But the Jews were not allowed to put any man to death. The prerogative of passing the sentence of death had been reserved by the Romans to their own authorities. For this reason Jesus was taken before Pilate. But blasphemy was no crime against the Roman law. Another charge had to be trumped up. It was the charge of sedition. Jesus had declared himself to be a king. John tells us that Pilate questioned Jesus on this point, and Jesus admitted he was a king, but he added, His kingdom was not of this world. It was the kingdom of truth he came to establish. Pilate found no fault in him. This was a public acquittal of Jesus.

Jesus Sent to Herod.—At this the Jews became even more furious than they had been, and reiterated their charges against Jesus. Naturally Pilate hesitated about releasing him. Learning that Jesus was a Galilean, Pilate thought he saw his way out. He would send Jesus before Herod, in whose jurisdiction was the district of Galilee. Herod also had his palace in Jerusalem. To this palace Jesus was taken. Herod was glad to see Jesus, because he had long heard of him as a wonderful miracle worker. He hoped to see some great miracle performed. But Jesus was silent. Herod was baffled, and the wicked king made sport of the event by arraying the peasant of Nazareth, who had declared himself to be a king, in a kingly purple robe and mocked him, and sent him again to Pilate.

The Jews Demand Barabbas.—Pilate made one more attempt to release Jesus. On the feast days he had made it a custom to release one prisoner. So Pilate appealed to the populace, but the people, prompted by Jesus' accusers, demanded not the innocent Jesus, but demanded Barabbas—one who had been really guilty of sedition, the crime they now charged against Jesus. Pilate allowed himself, against better judgment, to be prevailed upon by the cries of the crowds and the demands of the rulers. Pilate passed the sentence of death, and then delivered Jesus over to the soldiers for the scourging usually given before a crucifixion. The soldiers added their mockeries to the scene. They put on him a gny robe, a crown of thorns on his head and a rod (for a scepter) in his hand. In every way they insulted the King of the Jews.

Grapes from Canaan.

Sou

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story--Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"In the night, an hour or more after you left us, I was wakened up by two men creeping into the wagon. They whispered they would shoot, if I breathed. They passed behind the curtain. My daughter had sunk on the floor, first out, poor child! without understanding. They threw a blanket over her head, and stifled her so that she could not utter a sound. They tied me and gagged me. Then they dragged her off, God forgive me, gentlemen, for suspecting you of such brutality! I lay in the wagon almost strangled to death until the teamster came to put to the oxen for our journey. That is all I know."

"The two gaudy, murderers, have carried her off," said I. "But we'll save her yet, please God!"

"It," said Sizzum, "if them devils has got her, that's the end of her. I haint got no more interest in her case. I believe I'll go. I've wasted too much time now from the Lord's business."

He moved to go.

"What am I to do?" said Mr. Clitheroe.

Forlorn, bereaved, perplexed old man! Any but a brute would have hesitated to strike him another blow. Sizzum did not hesitate.

"You may go to the devil across lots, on that rant pony of yours, with your new friends, for all I care. I've enough of your daughter's airs, as if she was too good to be teased by one of the Lord's chosen. But she'll get the Lord's vengeance now, because she wouldn't see what was her place and privileges. And you're no better than a backslider. You've been grumbled and settled yourself up for somebody. I would care you now with the wrath to come if such a poor-spirited granny was with usin'."

The loose wretch lashed his horse and galloped off.

Even his own people of the unit party looked and muttered contempt. Mr. Clitheroe seemed utterly stunned. Giddy, faith, daughter all gone! What was he to do, indeed! "Never mind, Mr. Clitheroe," said Brent, tenderly, "I hope you have not lost a daughter. I know you have gained a son, yes, two of them. Here, Jake Shamblerlain!"

"There, sir! Up to time! Ready to pull my pony!"

"Wade and I are going after the lady. Do you take this gentleman, and deliver him safe and sound to Captain Ruly at Fort Laramie. Tell Ruly to keep him till we come, and treat him as he would General Scott. Drive our mules and the mustangs to Laramie, and leave them there. We trust the whole to you. There's no time to talk. Tell me what money you want for the work, and I'll pay you now in advance, whatever you ask."

"I'll be switched round creation if you do. Not the first red! You think, because I'm a Mormon, as you call it, I haint got no natural feelings. Why, boys, I'd go with you myself after the gal, and let Uncle Sam's mail lie there and wait till every letter answered itself, if I had a kettypid what could range with yours. No, no, Jake Shamblerlain ain't a hog, and his maul boys ain't of the pork kind. I'll take keer of the old gentleman, and put him through just 'z if he was my father, and with a million shags. And of that pint talkin' fair, I dunno what he's at."

We both gripped Jake Shamblerlain's friendly fist.

Mr. Clitheroe, weary with his morning's ride, faint and sick after his bonds of the night, and now crushed in spirit and utterly bewildered with the sudden changes, was handed over to his new protector.

The emancipating force had found him. He was free of his Mormonism. His delusion had discarded him. A rough and cruel termination of his hopes! How would he bear this disappointment? Would his heart break? Would his mind break? His life break?

We could not check ourselves to think of him. Our thoughts were galloping furiously on in search of the daughter, fallen on an evil fate.

While this hasty talk had been going on, I had shifted our saddles to Pumps and Fulano. Noble fellows! they took in the calm excitement of my mood. They grew eager as a greyhound when he sees the hare break cover. They divined that their moment had come! Now their force was to be pitted against brutality. Horse against brute—which would win? I dared not think of the purpose of our going. Truly, begone! Begone! was ringing in my ears, and a figure I dared not see was before my eyes.

I was frenzied with excitement; but I held myself steady as one holds his rifle when a duck comes leaping out of the forest into the prairie, where rifle and man have been waiting and trembling, while the "honnds" buy came nearer, nearer. I drew strap and tied knot of our girths, and doubled the knot. There must be no chinking of saddles, no dismounting to girth up. That was to be a gallop, I knew, where a man who felt to the rear would be too late for the fight.

Brent, meantime, had rolled up a little stock of provisions in each man's double blanket. We were going we knew not how far. We must be ready for work of many days. A moment's calmness over our prepara-

tion now might save desolate defeat or death hereafter. We lashed our blankets with their contents on flaps by the buckskin thongs which are attached to the ends of a California saddle—the only saddle for such work as we—horses and men—have on the plains.

"Rides?" said I.

"No, knives and six-shooters are enough," said Brent, as cool as if our ride were an ornamental promenade a cheval. "We can not carry weight or clumsy weapons on this journey."

We mounted and were off, with a cheer from Jake Shamblerlain and his boys.

All this time, we had not noticed Armstrong. As we struck off southward upon the trackless prairie, that ghastly figure upon the gaunt white horse was beside us.

"We're bound on the same errand," whispered he. "Only the savior's yours and the killin's mine."

Did my hope awake, now that the lady I had chosen for my sister was snatched from that monstrous ogre of Mormonism?

Yes; for one instant, urgent action was possible. We could do something. Gallop, gallop, that we could do.

God speed us!—and the caltiffs (The caltiffs are the men who stole the lady) should only have battled the ogre (the ogre is Mormonism); the word ogre means wicked giant) and the lady should be saved.

If not saved, avenged!

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GALLOP OF THREE.

We were off, we three on our gallop to save and to slay.

Pumps and Fulano took fire at once. They were ready to burst into their top speed, and go off in a frenzy.

"Steady, steady," cried Brent. "Now we'll keep this long easy pace for awhile, and I'll tell you my plan. They have come to the southward—those two men. They could not get away in any other direction. I have heard Murker say he knows all the country between here and the Arkansas. Thank heaven! so do I, foot by foot."

I recalled the sound of galloping hoofs I had heard in the night to the southward.

"I heard them, then," said I. "In my watch after Father's burial was out. The wind lulled, and there came a sound of horses, and another sound which I then thought a fevered fancy of my own, a far-away serenade of a woman."

Brent had been quite impassioned in his manner until now. He growled as I spoke of the serenade.

"Wade! O Wade!" he said. "Why did you not know the voice? It was she. They have terrible hours the start."

He was silent a moment, looking sterner forward. Then he began again, as he spoke, his iron gray edged on with a hoarse reb. "It is well you heard them; it makes their course unmistakable. We know we are on their track. Seven or eight full hours! It is long odds of a start. But they are not mounted as we are mounted. They did not ride as we shall ride. They had a woman to carry, and their mules to drive. They will fear pursuit, and push on without stopping. But we shall catch them; we shall catch them before night, so help us God!"

"You are aiming for the mountains?" I asked.

"For Lugeruel Alley," he said.

I remembered how, in our very first interview, a thousand miles away at the Padano mine, he had spoken of this spot. All the conversation then, all the talk about my horse, came back to me like a Delphic prophecy suddenly fulfilled. I made a good omen of this circumstance.

"For Lugeruel Alley," said Brent.

"Do you recollect my pointing out a notch in the Sierra, yesterday, when I said I would like to spend a honeymoon there, if I could find a woman brave enough for this plains' life?"

He grew very white as he spoke, and again Pumps led off by a neck, we ranging up instantly.

"They will make for the Lugeruel Springs. The Alley is the only gate through the mountains towards the Arkansas. If they can get by there, they are safe. They can strike off New Mexico way; or keep on to the States out of the line of emigration or any Mormon pursuit. The Springs are the only water to be had at this season, without disgust, anywhere in that quarter. They must go there. We are no farther from the spot than we were at Bridger. We have been traveling along the base of the triangle. We have only lost time. And, now that we are fairly under way, I think that we might shake out another reef. A little faster, friends—a little faster yet!"

It was a vast desert level where we were riding. Here and there a scanty tuft of grass appeared, to prove that Nature had tried her benign experiment, and waited seeds hither to let the scene be verdant, if it would. Nature had failed. The land refused any mantle over its brown desolation. The soil was disintegrated, igneous rock, fine and well beaten down as the most thoroughly laid pipe.

Behind was the rolling region where the Great Trail passes; before and far away, the faint blue of the Sierra. Not a bird sang in the hot noon; not a cricket chirped. No sound except the beat of our horses' hoofs on the pavement. We rode side by side, taking our strides together. It was a waiting race. The horses traveled easily. They learned,

as a horse with a self-possessed rider will, that they were not to waste strength in rushes. "Spend, but waste not"—not a step, not a breath, in that gallop for life! This must be our motto.

We three rode abreast over the serene brown plain on our gallop to save and to slay.

Far—ah, how terribly dim and distant!—was the Sierra, a slowly lifting cloud. Slowly, slowly they lifted, those graceful heights, while we sped over the harsh levels of the desert. Harsh levels, abandoned or misvisited by verdure. But better so; there was no long herbage to check our great pace over the smooth race-course; no thickets here to baffle us; no forests to mislead.

We galloped abreast—Armstrong at the right. His weird, gaunt white head held his own with the best of us. No whip, no spur, for that deathly encounter. He went as if his master's purpose was striking him through and through. That stern intent made his sinews steel, and put an agony of power into every stride. The man never stirred, save sometimes to put a hand to that bloody shawl-bandage across his head and temple. I had told his story, he had spoken his errand, he breathed out a word; but with his lean, pallid face set hard, his gentle blue eyes scourged of their kindness, and fixed upon those distant mountains where his vengeance lay, he rode on like a relentless fate.

Next in line I galloped. O my glorious black! The great, killing pace seemed more playful under to him such as one might ride beside a third girl, thrilling with her first free dash over a flowery common, or a golden beach between sea and shore. But from time to time he scored a little forward with his great shoulders, and gave a mighty writhing of his body, while his hind legs came lifting his flanks under me, and telling of the giant reserve of speed and power he kept easily controlled. Then his ear would go back, and his large brown eye, with its purple-black pupil, would look round at my battle-hat and then into my eye, saying as well as words could have said it, "This is mere sport, my friend, master. You do not know me. I have stuff in me that you do not dream. Say the word, and I can double this, treble it. Say the word, let me show how I can spin the earth." Then with the lightest love pressure on the snaffle, I would say, "Not yet! not yet! Patience, my noble friend. Your time will come."

At the left rode Brent, our leader. He knew the region; he made the plan; he had the hope; his was the ruling passion—stronger than brotherhood, than revenge. Love made him leader of that galloping three. His iron-gray went grandly, with white mane flapping the air like a signal-flag of defiance. Eager hope and kindling purpose made the rider's face more beautiful than ever. He seemed to behold Sidney's motto written on the golden haze before him, "Non aut inveniam aut faciam" ("I'll find a way or make it"). I felt my heart grow great, when I looked at his calm features, and caught his smiling smile—a gay smile but for the dark, fateful resolve beneath it. And when he launched some stirring word of cheer and shook another ten of seconds out of the gray's mile, even Armstrong's countenance grew less deadly, as he turned to our leader in silent response. Brent looked a fit chieftain for such a wild charge over the desert waste, with his buckskin hunting-shirt and leggings with flaring fringe, his otter cap and eagle's plume, his bronzed face, with its close, brown beard, his elate head, and his seat like a centaur.

So we galloped three abreast, neck and neck, hoof with hoof, steadily quickening our pace over the serene wild of desert. We must make the most of the levels. Rougher work, cruel obstacles were before. All the wild, triumphant music I had ever heard came and sung in my ears to the ringing cadence of the resonant feet, tramping on hollow arches of the volcanic rock, over great, vacant chasms underneath. Sweet and soft around us melted the hazy air of the desert, and its warm, flickering currents shook like a veil of gauzy gold, between us and the blue bloom of the mountains far away, but wearing now and lifting step by step.

On we galloped, the avenger, the friend, the lover on our errand, to save and to slay.

(To be continued.)

An interesting calculation has recently been made public through one of the many publications of the French academy of sciences. It is to the effect that, taking into consideration the wear and tear on the solid land by ocean tugging, river erosion, and wind and weather, to say nothing of probable volcanic action, the world will, by the end of the year 4,500,000, be completely washed away, and the ocean will roll over the present foundations of our great continent.

Doubtless the most unique spot in Europe is the little village of Altenberg, where on its border three countries meet. It is ruled by no monarchs, has no soldiers, no police, and no taxes. Its inhabitants speak a curious jargon of French and German combined, and spend their days in cultivating the land or working in the valuable calamine mine, of which the village boasts.

Two of the most venerable relics of the French navy—the dispatch boats *Incognant* and *Pupa*—have been bought by the republic of Ecuador, and are now being patched up to be sent to their destination.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

Dr. Talmage Praises It and Tells of Its Great Rewards.

How the Lord Jesus Will Remember the Faithful Soldier of the Cross—Heroes and Martyrs of Everyday Life.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage praises Christian heroism and tells of great rewards. The text is Galatians VI, 17, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

We hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet story of scars, honorable and dishonorable. There are in all parts of the world people bearing dishonorable scars. They went into the battle of sin and were worsted, and to their dying day they will have a scarification of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden. There are scars of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt; but they have been regenerated, and they are no more what they once were than rubescent is emaciation, than balm is vitriol, than noonday is midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory that is deplorable. In some twinge of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry scars, deep scars, ignoble scars.

But Paul in his text shows us a scarification which is a badge of honorable and self-sacrificing service. He had in his weak eyes the result of too much study and in his body, bent and worn, the signature of scourges and shipwrecks and a longing for the quietude of a life of treatment by moths. In his text he shows those scars as he declares, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Notice that it is not wounds, but scars, and a scar is well defined upon the flesh the inflammation must have departed and right circulation must have been restored and new tissue must have been formed. It is a permanent indentation of the flesh—a cicatrix. Paul did well to show those scars. They were positive and undisputable proofs that with all his body, mind and soul he believed what he said. They were his diploma, showing that he had graduated from the school of hardship for Christ. They were credentials proving his right to lead in the world's evangelization.

Men are not ashamed of scars got in battle for their country. No American is embarrassed when you ask him: "Where did you get that gash across your forehead?" and he can answer: "That was from a saber cut at San Juan." When you ask some termian: "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not ashamed to say: "I lost it at Sedan." When you ask an Italian: "Where did you lose your eye?" he is not annoyed when he can answer: "I suffered that in the last battle under our glorious Gen. Garibaldi." But I remind you of the fact that there are scars not got in war which are just as illustrious. We had in this country years ago an eminent advocate who was called into the presidential cabinet as attorney general. In midlife he was in a Philadelphia courtroom engaged in an important trial. The attorney on the opposite side of the case got irritated and angry and in most brutal manner referred to the distinguished attorney's disfigured face, a face more deeply scarred than any face I ever saw. The legal hero of whom I am speaking in his closing argument said: "Gentlemen of the jury, when I was a little child I was playing with my sister in the nursery, and her clothes caught fire, and I ran to her to put out the fire. I succeeded, but I myself took fire, and before it was extinguished my face was awfully burned and as black as the heart of the scoundrelly counsel who on the other side of the case has referred to my misfortune." The eminent attorney of whom I speak carried all his life the honorable scar of his sister's rescue. Albert Barnes, the most distinguished of all commentators, unless it be Matthew Henry, for years at four o'clock in the morning might have been seen going from his house in Philadelphia to his study in the church and in those early hours and before breakfast to give all those wonderful commentaries, a theological library in themselves. He said that as he was pastor he felt bound to give all the rest of each day to work connected with his pastorate. But at what a ruinous draft upon his eyesight he did that early morning work, first by candlelight and then by gaslight! When he got through those wonderful volumes of Scriptural exposition, Albert Barnes was a blind man. Scars, illustrious scars, on his extinguished eyesight!

People think they must look for martyrs on battlefields or go through a history to find burnings at the stake and tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service. In ten years they will not have a healthy nerve left in their body. In committee rooms, in consultations that involve the welfare of the nation, under the weight of great responsibilities, their vitality is being subtracted. In almost every village of the country you find some broken down state or national official. After exhausting himself in the public service, rough American politics kicks him out of congress or cabinet or legislative hall,

and he goes into comparative obscurity and comparative want, for he has been long enough away from home to lose his professional opportunities. No man that was ever put to death by sword or instrument of torture was more of a martyr than that man who has been wronged to death by the demands of official position. The scars may not be visible, for these are scars on the brain, and scars on the nerve and scars on the heart, but nevertheless are they scars, and God counts them and their reward will be abundant.

In all lands there are veterans of war who may not have had their face scarped with one bullet or their foot lamed by one bursting shell and who could not roll up their sleeve and show you one mark suggestive of battle, yet carry with them weaknesses got in exposures to disease along malarial swamps or from many miles of marching, and ever and anon they feel a twinge of pain, each recurrence of which is sharper or more lasting, until after awhile they will be captured for the tomb by disorders which started 20 or 30 or 40 years before. And their scars are all unseen by human eyes. But those people are as certainly the victims of war as though they had been down up in an unbreached fortress or thrust through with a cavalryman's lance. What I want to make out is that there are scars which are never counted except as God counts them, and I want to enlarge your sympathies.

There are many who can, in the same sense that Paul uttered it, say: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"—that is, for the sake of Christ and His cause they carry scars which keep their indelible through all time and all eternity. Do you think that Paul was accurate when he said that? If you have studied his career, you have no doubt of it. In his youth he learned how to fashion the hair of the Cilician goat into canvas, a quiet trade, and then went to college, the president of which was tannafied, so lustration which scholars say could not have been very thorough because of what they call Paul's imperfect command of Greek syntax. But his history became exciting on the road to Damascus, where he was unhorsed and blinded. His conversion was a convulsion. Whether that fall from the horse may have left a mark upon him I know not, but the mob soon took after him and flogged and imprisoned and maltreated him until he had scars more than enough to assure the truthfulness of his utterance: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

All of Paul's suffering was for Christ's sake. He had intellectual powers which could have achieved for him all worldly successes. You see what he could do in a courtroom when with extemporaneous speech he made the judicial bench tremble; when on Mars hill he confounded the Athenian orators; when he preached amid the excitement of a tumbling penitentiary; when in a storm at sea he took command of the ship, the only one on board cool headed. With his inspired logic, and his courage of utterance, and his power of illustration, and his capacity to move audiences, and his spirit of defiance, there was no height of worldly power he might not have gained.

What Hannibal was to an army, what Draco was in making laws, what Homer was to poetry, what Demosthenes was in power of persuasion, what Socrates was to philosophy, what Aeschylus was to the drama, that Paul might have been to all centuries. God never before and never since made another human being like him. But with all his capacity and opportunity of achieving worldly renown he turns his back on home and becomes an exile, on bounteous tables and eats his hard crust by the roadside, on the pleasure yachts that sailed the Mediterranean and embarked on a freightboat from Alexandria, on scholars in Athens and talks in fishermen. Instead of plaudits of aroused and enthusiastic assemblies he addressed audiences that talked back and asked insolent questions and broke up in a riot. Instead of garlands hung at his feet they hurled stones upon his head. Five times he was scourged, at each whipping 39 strokes, the fortieth stroke spared not from mercy, but because 40 strokes were the severest punishment the law allowed, and they feared, through counting wrong, they might make it 41 and so themselves be punished. Why, Paul must have been scarred all over, and he only tells the plain truth without any commentary when he declares: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." It was as much as to say: "See those long scars? There is where they whipped me. See you that ugly indentation. That is where they stoned me. See you that enringing scar on my wrist? That is where they handcuffed me. See those ugly curves around my ankles? There is where they made my feet fast in the stocks."

There are many who, like that apostle martyr, have on them the mark of the Lord Jesus. There is the great army of foreign missionaries, sometimes mangled by dissolute American, English and Scotch merchants, who at Hong-Kong and Calcutta and Constantinople have had their wickedness reprovied by the pure home life of those missionaries. There is the great army of the ministers of the Gospel, now in Heaven, who, on small salaries and amid fatigues that slew them, served their day and generation. There is another great army of private Christians who, in Sabbath schools and in tract distribution and in humanitarian and evangelistic efforts have put their life in sacrifice on the altars of God. There is another army of Christian invaders who lost their life in overwork for the church and the world's redemption. People call their illness penuria or nervous prostration or insomnia or paresis or premature old age. I call their ailments scars, as my text calls them scars. There may be scars on the

memory, scars on the spirits, scars on the courage, scars on the soul, as well as scars on the body, and those invisible to the human eye are as honorable as those visible.

All ye who hear in your body the marks of the Lord Jesus have you thought what use those marks will be in the heavenly world? What source of glorious reminiscence! In that world you will sit together and talk over earthly experiences. "Where did you get that scar?" saint will say to saint, and there will come back a story of hardship and struggle and persecution and wounds and victory through the grace of the Gospel. Another spirit will say to listening spirit: "Where did you get that hurt so plainly marked?" And the answer will be: "Oh, that was one of the worst hurts I ever had. That was a broken friendship. We were in sweetest accord for years, together in joy and sorrow. What one thought the other thought. We were David and Jonathan. But our personal interests parted, and our friendships broke never to be renewed on earth. But we have made it all up here, and misunderstandings are gone, and we are in the same Heaven, on neighboring thrones, in neighboring castles on the banks of the same river."

"Where did you get that mark?" says another spirit to listening spirit, and the answer comes: "That is a reminder of a great bereavement, of a desolated household, of a deep grave, of all the heartstrings at one stroke snapped altogether. But you see it is no longer a laceration, for the wound has been healed, and my once bereft spirit is now in companionship with the one from whom while I was separated." "Where did you get that long, deep scar?" says another immortal to listening immortal, and the answer comes: "That was the awful fatigue of a lifetime struggle in attempting amid adverse circumstances to achieve a livelihood. For 30 years I was tired—oh, so tired! But you see it is a healed wound, for I have found rest at last for body and soul, the complete rest, the everlasting rest, that remaineth for the people of God." Some one in Heaven will say to Martyr John Rogers: "Where did you get that scar on your foot?" and the answer will come: "Oh, that was a burn I suffered when the flames of martyrdom were kindled beneath me!" "Ignatius, what is that mark on your cheek?" "Oh, that was made by the paw of the lion to which I was thrown by the order of Trajan!" Some one will say to Paul: "Great apostle, that must have been a deep cut once, the mark which I see on your neck." And Paul says: "That was made by the sword which struck me at my beheading on the road to Ostia." But we all have scars of some kind, and those are some of the things we will talk over in the heavenly world while we celebrate the grace that made us triumphant over all agonistics.

Now what is the practical use of this subject? It is the cultivation of Christian heroics. The most of us want to say things and do things for God when there is no danger of getting hurt. We are all ready for easy work, for popular work, for compensating work, but we all greatly need more courage to brave the world and brave satanic assault when there is something aggressive and bold and dangerous to be undertaken for God and righteousness. And if we happen to get bit what an aden we make about it! We all need more of the stuff that martyrs are made out of. We want more sanctified grit, more Christian pluck, more holy recklessness as to what the world may say and do in any crisis of our life. He right and do right, and all earth and hell combined cannot put you down.

The same little missionary who wrote my text also uttered that piled up magnificence to be found in those words which ring like battle axes on splitting helmets: "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us, for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How do you like that, you cowards, who shrink back from aggressive work and if so much as a splinter pierce your flesh cry out louder than many a one torn in auto du fe? Many a soldier has gone through a long war, been in 20 battles, led a regiment up a hill mounted by cannon and swept by musketry and yet come home without having been once hit and without a mark upon him. But it will not be so among those who pass in the grand review of Heaven. They have all in the holy wars been wounded, and all bear scars. And what would the newly arrived in Heaven do with nothing to show that he had ever been struck by human or diabolic weaponry; how embarrassed and eccentric such an one in such a place! Surely he would want to be excused while from the heavenly ranks and be permitted to descend on earth, crying: "Give me another chance to do something worthy of an immortal. Show me some post of danger to be manned, some fortress to be stormed, some difficult charge to make. Like Leonidas at Thermopylae, like Miltiades at Marathon, like Marlborough at Blenheim, like Godfrey at Jerusalem, like Winkelried at Sempach gathering the spears of the Austrian knights into his bosom, giving his life for others, show me some place where I can do a brave thing for God. I cannot go back to Heaven until some where I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." My hearer, my reader, quit complaining about your misfortunes and disappointments and troubles and through all time and all eternity thank God for scars!

They saints in all this glorious war are conquerors if we let them die. They see the triumph from afar. Add size to with their eye. When that illustrious say shall rise, And all Thine armies shine, In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine.

